Let's EVERY HEART

By Vera Tarpley

"BUT THEY don't believe in Christmas, Jim—you know that." Laura wished she hadn't spoken quite so loudly; her remark had stopped in midstream three rapid-running conversations. Her guests studied the rug pattern. Jim merely looked at his wife in silence.

"I mean, after all, we want an . . . it's not their religion, so I assumed it would be embarrassing to invite them to our Christmas party." She swallowed uncomfortably.

"And I assumed that this party was for all the fellows in our office, including Ben." He smiled then, but didn't soften the accusation. Everyone in the room knew of the cool feeling between Jim and Ben—they only guessed at his wife's resentment of the friendship.

"He asked us to sing 'Silent Night' and guess what? He gave us ten dollars! And she invited us in and gave us candy and cookies."

Mr. Adams, office manager, broke the silence next. "I wouldn't worry about it too much, Jim. After all, Christmas is . . ." He emptied his glass and returned it to the coffee-table. "And we all feel a little differently about the holiday than they do."

About nine o'clock carolers came to the door, singing lustily and slightly off-key. "Let every heart prepare him room . . ." The oldest caroler was scarcely twelve. He rattled a box full of coins. Mr. Adams snatched the donation box from him, ceremoniously deposited nine pennies, and passed from guest to guest, bowing after each donation. Everyone put in nickels and dimes. Jim put in a five-dollar bill and everyone shouted "Show-off!" Laura was annoyed but kept still. Laura and Jim's little girl, Bonny, was out caroling too, but her group covered a different neighborhood.

No one noticed much when the telephone rang later in the evening and Jim went to answer it. But they noticed Jim's face when he returned to the living-room—it was white and twitched unpleasantly. Laura walked over to him. "Who was it, dear?"

"It was Ben—he called to apologize for not coming tonight."

"His daughter's been in Children's Hospital for the past month, you know."

Adams broke in. "Say, that's right—Ben said she was pulling out of it—that was last week I believe. How's she doing, did he say?"

"She died this afternoon."

Nobody seemed to have anything more to say after that. The party broke up within the next half-hour.

Just as the Adamses were leaving, Bonny came in from caroling. She was flushed with happiness and excitement. Laura clutched her in her arms convulsively.

"Did your group make a big haul tonight, Bonny?"

"Did we!" she gasped. "We got more than any other group I bet! And Mom, we sang for that Mr. Ben at Daddy's office, and—"

"Oh but you shouldn't have!" Laura looked at Jim with alarm.

"Why not, Mom? He asked us to sing 'Silent Night,' and guess what? He gave us ten dollars! And she invited us in and gave us candy and cookies, and gee, they're nice! And I told them hello from you and Daddy, and you know what? She cried! Isn't that funny, mother?"

Jim looked at his stricken wife and wanted to take her in his arms, but Mr. and Mrs. Adams were standing there with their mouths open, so he merely grasped her hand firmly. Bonny babbled on happily.

"And you know what else? Mr. Ben asked me what the donations went for, and when I told him he took all the money out of his wallet and put it in our box, can you imagine? And then I asked him if he had any boys or girls like us and would they like to go caroling with us and he said no. And then she started crying again and we left. Wasn't that funny?"

Mr. Adams cleared his throat. "By the way, Bonny, just what were those donations for anyway? I forgot to notice.

"Why, for the Children's Hospital fund—or something like that—it was all printed on the box."

Richwood

Richwood, Dec. 20.- "He that hides hatred with lying lips, and he that utters a slander, is a fool." —Proverb.

There will be a Christmas program at Central Baptist Church Friday night, December 23, at 7:30 o'clock.

Service at Wesley Chapel Sunday at 3 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Marsh, of Gladys visited with Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pugh Saturday afternoon.

The latest increase to the population in this area is a baby girl, born to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Fleshman Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy May were in Lynchburg on business Thursday.

Mr. Willie Fleshman is spending Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Martin and Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Wooldridge and daughter Marvis visited with Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pugh on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arrington were in Lynchburg Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Wooldridge were the guests Saturday afternoon of Miss Estelle Wooldridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, of Marion, Va., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunter Sunday.

Mrs. S. C. Fleshman and son, Harpson were in Lynchburg on business Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pugh are the proud possessors of a black collie, thoroughbred, pup, "Tex" by name, received last week from their daughter, Mrs. Jack Hamilton, of Kerrville, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Fleshman were in Lynchburg hob-nobbing with Santa Claus Tuesday.

Mrs. Carter Martin visited with Mrs. W. W. Fleshman on Friday afternoon.

Federal rent control act is held legal.

Carolina to play Rice in Cotton Bowl New Year's Day.

On Dean's List

Elon College, N. C., Dec. 21. One hundred eighty-two students have been placed on the Dean's List at Elon College, following compilation of grades for the fall quarter. Six of the group made "A" on every subject, while 176 others had an average of "B" on all subjects.

Those from Appomattox and vicinity included Miss Louise Goode, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. M. Spence.

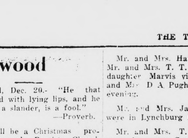
Play safe—drive carefully.

A Jolly Christmas
and a Prosperous New Year

TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN APPOMATTOX, BUCKINGHAM, CHARLOTTE AND CUMBERLAND COUNTIES:

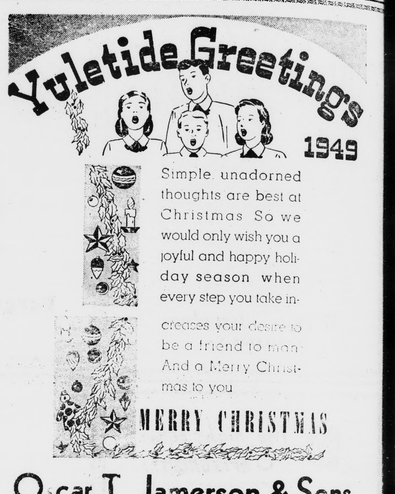
"Let not one heart be sad today,
May every child be glad and gay;
God bless thy children, great and small,
In lowly hut or castle tall:
And may each soul keep festival,
At Christmas!"

CHARLES T. MOSES



THANK YOU
For your kind patronage
in the past year . . . .
We hope to serve you
to the best of our ability
THROUGHOUT 1950
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

POE
Hardware Company
Appomattox Virginia



Simple, unadorned thoughts are best at Christmas. So we would only wish you a joyful and happy holiday season when every step you take increases your desire to be a friend to man. And a Merry Christmas to you

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Oscar T. Jamerson & Sons

By a cheery fireside . . . Santa ends his night—
A moment's pause to rest a while, ere he takes his flight!
He has been a busy elf all this passing year
Making Christmas, bright and gay; brimful of good cheer!
Merry, Merry Christmas.

Moses Motor Company
Appomattox, Va.

TIMES-VIRGINIAN
In The Heart of Virginia's Dark Tobacco Belt
Appomattox, Virginia
ESTABLISHED 1892

Calvin H. Robinson — — Editor and Publisher

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VIRGINIA PRESS ASSOCIATION Member

Subscription rate: $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Deaths on Virginia highways for the year pass 750 mark.

Truman works on Sate of the Union message to Congress.

Schools closed for the annual Christmas holidays.

SPECIAL GREETINGS!

The Times-Virginian has many friends to whom it would like to send greetings this Christmas.

But there is one group we wish to single out for a special word of greetings:

That group is the very fine correspondents who send us news letters for our columns!

A weekly newspaper is as strong as its rural correspondents. Many subscribe to the old home paper because they want to read what is going on back in their home community and because they like to read about the activities of their friends and neighbors.

These correspondents render a genuine public service. They contribute to the vitality of rural life. We have some correspondents who have been with us for many years. Some never miss a week with their interesting news letters. Others write as often as circumstances permit.

We speak not only for ourselves but for our family of readers as we say to them when we say: "God Bless you and one another."

TO THEM, TOO!

All through today's issue, you will find Christmas Greetings from your friends, the stores and the business establishments of Appomattox and vicinity. These are sincere messages thanking you for your patronage and loyalty.

However, there is another angle. You owe them greetings, too!

There are many joys to conducting business in a community such as Appomattox. But there are also problems and considerable of the hardest kind of work. The merchant aims to serve you and to please you. All year long, night as well as day, he must figure and plan how to merit your patronage. We have an outstanding group of business people here in Appomattox. They make the town and community. So, it is well to wish them a Merry Christmas, too!

Uncle Sam Says

You can already hear the jingle of Christmas bells and the merry laughter of Santa Claus. Local stores are stocked to the gills of every description. A child's keenest enjoyment of Christmas is priceless but equally priceless is the assurance that in years to come Sister and Sis will enjoy financial security. The best way to provide financial security for your youngsters is through regular purchase of United States Savings Bonds. Remember U. S. Savings Bonds pay you 4 dollars for every 3 invested, in 10 years.

U. S. Treasury Department

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS!

We've said it before . . .
we say it again . . .
And this greeting is sincere . . .
All wrapped in tinsel & holly
Are our good wishes for
Christmas and the New Year

Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Jennings
Appomattox, Virginia

Agronomist Claims America Could Feed 200 Millions

MILWAUKEE.—According to one expert in the field, America has nothing to worry about in the matter of feeding its rapidly-increasing population. Firman E. Bear, retiring president of the American society of agronomy, said that this nation can easily feed a population of 200 million.

"We need have no fear whatever of any lack of capacity to feed ourselves permanently in accordance with our desires," he said. Continuing, he pointed out, "all we have to do is make continuing use of the abundant resources at our command."

To step up food producing for an estimated 200 million persons by the year 2,000, Bear said the nation could:

Irrigate from 23 to 31 million acres of arid and semiarid land, perhaps using distilled sea water for some projects.

Drain 18 million acres of swamps.

Increase yields per acre of corn, wheat and other crops by use of fertilizers, chemical insect killers and disease control and better varieties.

Increase soil conservation.

Increase milk production by use of artificial insemination and of hormones to stimulate conception, mammary development and milk secretion.

Raise the annual fish catch by 50 per cent by the construction of fish ponds and tripling their yield of 200 pounds per acre with proper management.

Use more efficiently the energies of the sun, water and atom.

Churches having Christmas programs and music Sunday.

Play safe—drive carefully.

Phone 30 with Personals.

BEST WISHES

May This
Christmas Season
Bring You Many
Blessings and Much Joy
and Happiness!

George Smith's
Barber Shop
Appomattox, Va.

for 1949
Much Joy

Maud's Hot Shop
Two Miles East of Appomattox, on Route 460

Speaking for 4,252 Vepcovians:
"Merry Christmas!"

MANY OF these 4,252 Vepco workers will have the pleasure of extending their greetings to you by card or handclasp. So many are *your own neighbors and friends* . . . living in your own community somewhere between the windy shores of Virginia's blue Atlantic and the rich valleys of West Virginia . . . from the shadow of the Nation's Capitol to the interesting towns of Northeastern North Carolina.

"All year 'round they're progressives and pioneers, devoted to improving our *modern way of life*. But come Christmas, they're *old-fashioned* as the sprig of holly on your grandmother's muff . . . for *nobody* can improve on Christmas.

"They show your love for the games and the carols, including local talent, and Tiny Tim and all the other garnishings. But more than anything else they like the spirit of it . . . the good, healthy goodness of thinking about other people in the midst of a world that's too much with us. That's the spirit that makes every Vepcovian stop right in the middle of their kilowatts to say to *one and all*:

"merry, merry Christmas!"

VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY

SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 2:2-4, 9:1-7; II Kings 19:20-31; Luke 2. DEVOTIONAL READING: John 11:1-16.

'Mine Eyes Have Seen'

Lesson for December 25, 1949

WHAT can the old man see in the baby? There must have been some to ask that question, as the old, old man Simeon took the little six-weeks-old Jesus in his arms. To most eyes he was but another baby; but at the touch of him, Simeon broke out into words so filled with hope and ecstasy, so rhythmic with emotion, that his words, even to this day, are used as a hymn in all the Christian churches of the world. "Mine eyes have seen . . ."

Dr. Foreman

The aged man, already moving across the thin line dividing this world form heaven, could see with the eye of the spirit what was hid from the eye of many a practical man. To Simeon's mind, imbued with the spirit of the ancient prophets, the child in his arms was a center of light.

All the rays from the dim and ancient prophecies came to a focus in this child; and from this child again there shone out to all the future years of man the hope of a better world. What the prophets have foretold, is now to be; this child is the hope of mankind.

* * *

They have seen a great light

THE CHRISTMAS PROPHECIES, our Old Testament lesson text, sang the hope of the Hebrew people. It was a hope that spread beyond themselves, their tiny hill-country, landlocked and harborless, out to the "Circle of the Nations," on to the world of vast peoples beyond their ken.

In a leaderless world, where men went blindly through life, smothered by the smoke of torches in the wavering hands of the blind, the prophets sang of the Coming One, the Messiah, God's chosen Leader, who would bring men out of darkness into light, the Divine Counsellor.

In the centuries when the servants of God were enslaved by those who worshiped only the sword, the prophets pointed confidently to the time when the leadership of the world would at least be in the hands of those who knew and understood and obeyed God.

* * *

Eyes of Flesh

NOW THE PROPHETS did not always fully understand their own prophecies, as we are told by Peter (I Pet. 1:10,11); and certainly most of the Jews did not. When they heard the word "Messiah" or "King" they could think only of the kings they had known and admired, some new David, great in battle, or another Solomon, in a greater and more golden palace.

So when the little boy Jesus was born in the dark stable under the hill, it was not everyone who could see what Simeon saw, that now the hopes of the prophets were coming true, now the Kingdom of righteousness and peace, the Realm of All Nations, was to begin.

What Simeon's fading human eye could see was no great thing—a helpless infant from a peasant carpenter's home. It was only Simeon's inward eye that saw the truth.

* * *

Eyes of Faith

YET THE EYE of faith can see more. The salvation God is bringing to the world has only just begun. As in Simeon's day the salvation and the light were barely at the horizon, so now it is still but sunrise. The colors of sunrise may be mistaken for those of sunset, by those who have been long asleep. It is only those who have watched through the night who know the sunrise for what it is.

The songs of Christmastide are songs of hope, and not only songs of remembrance. It is not the hope of fools, for the world of today is brighter than the world into which Christ was born, and the brightness shines from him.

Who would turn back this world, for all its wretchedness and frustrations, into what it would have been had Jesus never been born? At Christmas time we rejoice, not that all things have been accomplished or that all the prophecies of good have come true; we rejoice rather that the God-sent Leader, the Messiah, the Saviour, has come, and that with his coming salvation and light and glory have begun.

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